CLA. He is not there to-day; he dines in London.

K. HEN. And how accompanied ? can'st thou tell that *?*

CLA. With Poms, and other his continual followers.

K. HEN. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds;
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is overspread with them : Therefore my grief
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death ;
The blood weeps from my heart, when I do shape,
In forms imaginary, the unguided days,
And rotten times, that you shall look upon
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.
For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,
When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
When means and lavish manners meet together,
O, with what wings shall his affections[1] fly
Towards fronting peril and opposed decay!

WAR. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite:
The prince but studies his companions,
Like a strange tongue: wherein, to gain the language*
'Tis needful, that the most immodest word
Be look'd upon, and learn'd: which once attain'd,
Your highness knows, comes to no further use,
But to be known, and hated[2]. So, like gross terms,
The prince will, in the perfectness of time,
Cast off his followers: and their memory

[1] —his affections—] His passions ; his inordinate desires, JOHNSON.

* But to be known, and hated.] A parallel passage occurs in Terence:

——*——quo modo adolescentulus
Meretricum ingenia et mores posset noscere,
Mature ut cum cognorit, perpetuo oderit.

ANONYMOUS.